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1918

The WITCHES OF BIELEFELD

War Poems and Notes

By GUS L. GOETHALS

FIRST EDITION SEPTEMBER, 1917
SECOND EDITION - JUNE, 1918

CLAYTON, CALIFORNIA

Class 985

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GUS. L. GOETHALS
RESIDENT AGENT

Pacific Department

The Connecticut Fire Insurance Company

of Hartford, Conn.

a clean cut issue. And this same opponent Capt. John Stockfleth, I defeated four years ago by 39 votes, this time by 24 -

Very Sincerely Yours
Gus L. Goethals

The Witches of Bielefeld

War Poems and Notes

By GUS L. GOETHALS

Univ. of California

CLAYTON, CALIFORNIA

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By GUS L. GOETHALS

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WOODROW WILSON
President of the United States

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Preface

It is a far cry from the battle of Marathon to the battle of Flanders, from the year 490 B. C. to the year 1918 A. D., yet there is a great similarity between the two great struggles for liberty. The battle of Marathon is named as the first decisive battle in the history of the world. King Darius sent his satraps, Datis and Artephernes, with a force of one hundred thousand men from the Celician shore against the coasts of Eubea and Attica. They landed near Marathon. On the slope of a hill overlooking the plain of Marathon, in plain sight of the invading Persian horde, a council of war was in session at which were present the War-ruler Callimachus and ten Athenian generals. The immediate subject of their meeting was to decide whether they should give battle to the enemy that lay encamped on the shore beneath them. The Athenians were but ten thousand strong, and although they were hopelessly outnumbered, five generals voted to give instant battle and five were for awaiting reinforcement, which had been promised by the Spartans. The War-ruler then was to cast the deciding vote. Miltiades was the leader of the five who were for attack-

UNIV OF CALIFORNIA

ing the invaders without delay and he thus addressed the War-ruler:

"It now rests with you, Callimachus, either to enslave Athens, or, by assuring her freedom, to win yourself an immortality of fame, such as not even Harmodius and Aristogiton have acquired; for never, since the Athenians were a people, were they in such danger as they are in at this moment. If they bow the knee to these Medes, they are to be given up to Hippias, and you know what they then will have to suffer. But if Athens comes victorious out of this contest, she has it in her to become the first city of Greece. Your vote is to decide whether we are to join battle or not. If we do not bring on battle presently, some factious intrigue will disunite the Athenians, and the city will be betrayed to the Medes. But if we fight, before there is anything rotten in the State of Athens, I believe that, provided the gods will give fair play and no favor, we are able to get the best of it in an engagement."

The vote of the brave War-ruler was gained; the council determined to give battle, and such was the ascendancy and acknowledged military genius of Miltiades, that his brother-generals, one and all, gave up their days of command to him and cheerfully acted under his orders.

From one quarter only and that from a most unexpected one, did Athens receive aid at the moment of her great peril. Thirty years before the Plataeans being hard pressed by Thebes, appealed for help to the king of Sparta, who advised them to place themselves under the protection of Athens. They did so and under that protection they succeeded in retaining their freedom. Now when it was noised about that King Darius had sent an army for the destruction

of Athens, the Plateans mustered one thousand men who marched to Marathon, where they arrived on the eve of battle and placed themselves at the disposal of Miltiades. This help, which came unasked and most unexpected, though numerically small, did much to augment the fighting spirit of the Athenians and forms one of the most affective episodes in the history of ancient time.

At the battle which took place immediately after the arrival of the brave and grateful Plataeans, the Persian invaders were most decisively defeated.

We now come to a parallel historical event, when General John J. Pershing, placed at the disposal of General Foch the American forces under his command, at the most critical time of the German drive last March. That offer electrified France; enthused the British army; thrilled the Italians, the Belgians and Portuguese and placed an immortality of fame upon each and every American of the present generation. The brave Plataeans did much to help win the victory at Marathon, and the equally brave Americans were, figuratively speaking the last straw that broke up the assault of the Huns. Like Miltiades Foch was placed in supreme command by and with the consent of all Allied governments and their people. In that offer of General Pershing and in the co-ordinating of all the fighting forces under one supreme commander the hand of

President Wilson is most plainly seen. And the historians of the future will acclaim our President as the foremost man of this, the most momentous and critical time in the history of the world.

Now let us go back two thousand years, to another statesman and a leader of men, and leaving out his military genius, the prototype of Woodrow Wilson and that statesman's name is Julius Caesar, and his experience with the Germans is strikingly similar to that of our President so I will relate some of Caesar's acts, and leave it to the reader to make his own comparison between the two Caesar the Roman and Wilson the American.

In the year 59, B. C., Ariovistus, the king of the Germans invaded Gaul. Caesar, wishing to avoid war if possible, sent word to Ariovistus, asking that he meet him at some neutral spot to discuss the situation. The German king replied that if the Roman had anything to say to him he could come and say it, and added that it was none of Caesar's business what he was doing "in my part of Gaul which I hold by right of the sword". Caesar replied by warning Ariovistus, not to bring any more Germans into Gaul and to release the hostages which he held. The German reply was that he, Ariovistus, had always been victorious, and challenged Caesar to try his hand. Caesar accepted the guage of battle forced upon him and by an amazing and rapid march appeared with his Roman legions

at Besancon. The tables were turned and Ariovistus asked for a parley with Caesar. The conference proved not only unsatisfactory, but was abruptly terminated for the Germans, disregarding the armistice, treacherously attacked Caesar's bodyguard.

Three years later the Germans again marched to invade Gaul, this time selecting a route through Belgium. Again the Romans made a quick march and met the invaders near Cleve. Once more the Germans asked for an armistice, which Caesar granted, and again the Germans violated the armsitice by treacherously assaulting the Roman troops. Caesar refers with deep indignation to "the base deception that first asks for peace and then openly begins war" and declares that the Germans by their act "had put themselves outside the pale of negotiation". In Caesar's commentaries on the Gallic and civil wars he first mentions the Belgians. "Of all the Gallic races," he says, "the Belgians are the bravest."

The great Roman general everywhere demonstrated by word and act his fondness for the Gauls and his deep detestation of the Germans. He says: "In all finer things of life the Gauls are greatly superior to their ancient antagonist," and he hardly ever mentions the Germans without showing his hatred and contempt. He describes them as harsh, uncivilized violent people whose whole life is absorbed in war and

whose relations with foreigners are marked by treachery and a disinclination to observe treaties and agreements. He refers to them as "that treacherous race" which is bred up from the cradle to war and rapine. And yet after two thousand years we find no change except for the worse, for now they murder without respect for age or sex, and as a pastime they mutilate their victims. Small wonder that the whole civilized world today entertains the same opinion of the Huns as was expressed by Julius Caesar two thousand years ago.

So the Allies are determined to gain a complete and decisive victory over Germany, and they accept Woodrow Wlison as their spokesman when our President in effect says: "We do not fight for any indemnity nor for any conquest of other people's lands, nor for any reward, only to make the world a free and decent place to live in." But a feeling has taken deep root in the hearts of all the brave soldiers on the field of battle, for a tangible and ocular evidence as proof of Victory and that feeling is expressed in three words: "ON TO BERLIN!" And when the baffled Huns are put on the run, a mighty cheer will go up of "ON TO BERLIN!" which may prove too strong for the Government leaders at home or the generals in the field to deny or withstand. Our own brave boys will certainly demand it as a boon; the English will acclaim it as a right; the French will insist upon

it as a matter of justice; the Italians will insist upon it in memory of their beloved Caesar; the Belgians and the Portuguese will sustain the demand of their friend and protector Great Britain, and may God grant it to them.

GUS L. GOETHALS,
Clayton, May 25th, 1918.

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Foreword

Since the fateful days of August, 1914, when the German Emperor turned loose his horde of murdering Huns upon the soil of Belgium, I have written several articles pertaining to the present war, which were published in the Martinez Gazette, Pittsburg Post and the Concord Transcript, of Contra Costa County California. And having been importuned to have those articles in booklet form, I agreed to the solicitations of my friends. So to those verses heretofore published I have added "The Witches of Bielefeld," and an appendix of notes. The Witches of Bielefeld was written to emphasize the historical fact that no invader has ever succeeded. If the old adage that "History repeats itself" continues to rule, which in the case of Kaiser Wilhelm II, I firmly believe will so continue, then we, and our Allies, need have no fear of the ultimate results of the gigantic struggle.

Since the day of the battle of the Marne, in the forepart of September, 1914, I have always maintained that the Germans were doomed. For those Germans who still cherish the hope of a Teutonic victory I have a certain degree of sympathy, but must say this, and say

it in their own language, "Gottes Muehle geht langsam aber die mahlt fein," and they should bear in mind that the Allies are firmly united, hopeful and sanguine of a victory which in the end will prove to be for a better and a re-generated Germany. Moreover, Time is not of the essence of their contract, as it was with the plans of the Kaiser's general staff, when on their march to Paris. Their time piece proved to finely and delicately made—a grain of sand stopped it—that grain of sand was BELGIUM.

GUS L. GOETHALS

Clayton, California
September 1, 1917

GUS L. GOETHALS

Bryan Will Resign

Oh, say, William Jennings Bryan,
The Dogs of War are loose;
Your Dove of Peace has flown the coop—
Your office you may lose.

You said you would not take that job
If you thought we'd have a war,
While drawing that twelve thousand per
From Uncle Sam's pay car.

So if you meant just what you said
You'll never, never sign
A document that smacks of war,
For surely you'll resign.

Let Woodrow get a better man,
A man who'll clear the deck
Of lectures from the ship of state.
And take Chapultepec.

April 21st, 1914.

The War From A. to Z.

As Albert, at Antwerp awaited Albion's army
Bold Bavarians battered Belgium's battlements,
Ceaselessly cannonading, constantly concrete crumbled,
Dover's denizens dismayed declared decampment,
Effectively embarks elusively enters Europe,
Fiercely fighting France's foresworn foe, firm footed,
Gruesome, gory ground gains grim German grenadiers.
"Hock, hip hurrah!" his holy Highness hooted
Inflexible Imperialist—insatiable invador.
Justly Jehovah judges jesting jumping jacks,
Kings, Kadis, Kerns—kirk kneeling knaves—keep killing kindred.
Liege, Luxemburg, Louvain low living lacks.
Martial men meet men, Mordkessel marks meandering Marne,
Napoleon's Nemesis, now nerved no Nelson Needs.
Onward Orleans, Odessa, Oporto, Ottawa,
Protecting Paris, persuing Prussians precede.
Quatrebras quickly quieted Quixotic quarrels,
Russia, remembering, rushes regiments 'round,
So, surely seeking Slavonic sway.
Thru Tripoly Teutons tersely Turkey tempted.
Unum universal Usufruct Uhlans undertakes.
Verisimilous Varus victory ventured.
World wonders why will warring Wilhelm worship
Xerxes, Xebecs, Xerophim, Xystarch xeloidine.
Ypres' Yarmouth's yieldless yeomanry.
Zealously Zwarte Zeppelins Zig-zags.

January 10th, 1915.

A Great Combination

Cuts and Crossings in the History of the World

Alexander the Great cuts the Gordian knot and becomes the Conqueror of the world.

Julius Caesar crosses the Rubicon and Rome becomes the mistress of the world.

The Spanish Armada crosses the English Channell and England becomes the mistress of the Sea.

Washington crosses the Delaware and the United States becomes the Free Land for all the world.

Woodrow Wilson cuts and crosses the path of William the Hun and we become the guardian for the Freedom of the Sea.

Febrary 8th, 1917.

J. B. German's Fright

A mighty hunter, of small game,
Unfurled the Prussian flag—
With poison, guns and various traps
Set out to fill his B A G.

His High Command, the General Staff,
Had given him their highest Tip,
"We'll win ere England strikes a blow",
And Billy said then let 'er R I P.

All lawful rules they cast aside,
As wallow hogs in bloody mire;
They marched through the best preserves
Which then and there they set on F I R E.

Then gayly started on their trip,
Boasting of their victory,
But the English, French and Irish
Gave them no chance to see P A R I S.

So, to heaven he bawled command,
Gott strafe England she did most harm,
She is still defending Belgium
From our strong and bloody A R M.

"Verdun?" too soon the answer came,
It made the Allies sure they'll win
And on the Somme they're going some,
And the going is to B E R L I N.

The German crown is marked, "For Sale",
So there are three that have the T A G,
Three crowned heads fear people's vengeance
Three guilty of a fighting J A G.

Now the Kaiser prays to heaven:
"Please Got, don't let England strafe Me
As she did old Bonaparte,
Don't let her banish me to S E A."

Oct. 26, 1916

Month of April is Month of War Declarations in U. S.

Says Uncle Sam to Kaiser William:
"I'm tired of writing notes,
Now going to spend a Billion
To hunt and sink U Boats.

"You've April fooled me twice to date
And have one more a coming,
'Cause on a Sunday I surely hate
To start and go a gunning.

"Do your worst Mister Hohenzollern,
Your last Fool's Day is near,
Full well you know 'Du hast verlohren'
Monday from me you'll hear.

" 'Twont help you much to hide behind
The Hiddenburglars' Line;
By Heck its good to make your kind
Their Abdication sign.

"You know my lucky Month is April—
Look up my list of Scraps;
'Fore I get through with you, dear Bill,
You'll pack your royal traps."

March 27th, 1917.

The Flag of Victory

All Hail the Volunteers

From 'Frisco Bay to Washington
Is heard the Warlike song:
"We are with you, Woodrow Wilson,
A Hundred Million strong."

From pole to pole the echo comes,
Throughout the night and day:
"We're 'gainst the Hohenzollerns,
And we'll back the U. S. A."

Above the Cannon's roar is heard
The cry of vanquished Huns:
"We yield to you Brave Kamarad,
So take our useless Guns."

The English Tommy—the French Poilu
Press onward just the same:
"No time," they shout, "to tend to you—
We're after bigger game.

May 15, 1917

Must Get Busy

Behold the self-appointed peace maker,
Who butts in, on the scrap across the pond.
He's a faker,
Of a Quaker,
He'd free burglars without bond.

He wants to stop, with lamentation,
Straffing of "Deutschland ober alles",
For spoilation
Of small nation,
Due the Germans from the Allies.

He'd let the Prussian keep his hand and foot
'Pon every inch of Belgian soil,
And doesn't care a hoot
'Bout stolen loot,
But fears the jingle of a foil.

He'd meekly let invaders fire his home,
He was not raised to be a soldier boy,
His spinal column
A streak of chrome
Of yellow color without alloy.

No English Tommy, no French Poilu
Now on the Somme or at Verdun,
Invited you
Or asked you to
Make peace before their job is done.

If you mean business you'll get busy,
For you'll have to fight to stop that fight,
Don't be a Sissy,
Don't talk silly,
Jump in the ring and prove you're right.

Be first in war and first in peace and then
You will be first in the hearts of all
Your countrymen
As Washington,
Who bravely answered a fighting call.

December 8th, 1916.

Made in Germany

That "Hack our way through Belgium plan,"
—World's greatest infamy,
Against all law of God and Man—
Was "Made in Germany."

The Zeppelin—with Boches wild—
Dropping bombs most savagely,
To kill a woman or a child,
Was "Made in Germany."

The Submarine, by Kaiser sent,
To sink all ships at sea,—
No warning gives—on murder bent,
Were "Made in Germany."

That devilish death dealing Gas,
Used with most fiendish glee—
Which for foul murder heads the class—
Is "Made in Germany."

Like wild beasts, Huns now madly spring
Against all humanity,
And boast that all death dealing things
Are "Made in Germany."

The Kaiser soon will leave Berlin,
To get new deviltry,
He'll sure find some, when he goes in
Hell, "Made in Germany."

June 19, 1916

THE WORLD
CURSE
OF
PRUSSIANISM
CIVILIZATION
KULTUR

On to Berlin

The Eastern Line is Wabbling to the West.
By Russian bayonet charges.
The Western Line in fear—is running East,
From British and French Barrages.

No more does Kaiser William strut about
The East or Western battle line,
He is too busy picking out a route
To run ere Roosevelt sees the Rhine.

For when those lines shall mingle into one
Our Yankee boys will then fall in,
In spite of all or any German Von,
They'll form the Bee Line to Berlin.

With Old Glory they'll get there sure as fate,
If those von Mutts keep up that fight;
Then like rats—from the German ship of State—
All the pirates will take flight.

And bitterly the Kaiser will complain
'Gainst him who wielded the "Big Stick,"
"It's your fault, Teddy, that I raised Cain,
You said the whole world I could lick."

"Sure Bill," Teddy will reply, "I said that,
But did'nt want to cross your son,
Nor hurt your feelings so I left this out
"ABER NIT—The spot I live on."

May 10, 1917

The Kaiser's Lament

I organized the Plunderbund,
And Europe painted Red,
They now call us the Blunderbund—
Blame Me for all the dead.

ME! The Chief and the high Galoot
Of the Germanic Mutts,
That soon from me will get the Boot
For all are going 'Nuts'.

They told me England was a runt
And would not play the cards,
But Brittons were the first to hunt
And kill my Prussian Guards—

Said that in France my Clownish Son,
Fair Paris would surely take,
But soon those polius made them run—
Their plans turned out a fake.

They bet me Yankees would not dare
Fight our murdering Band,
But hell, they're at it now, for fair,
To make us all disband.

Now, I'll never wear upon my coat
"Kaiser Wilhelm the Great."
They'll write it plain: "The Billy Goat,"
For Wilson means that straight.

Before the Peoples' Goat I'll be
I'll take the drummers Route—
I'll go to old Milwaukee
And peddle sauerkraut."

May 15, 1917

Pay Off That I. O. U.

Oh! Soldier Boy, of you we're proud,
For you we'll daily pray,
For a safe return to your fireside
In the good old U. S. A.

God help you to fight the U-boats
For the "Freedom of the Sea,"
To make it safe for all that floats,
With Neutrals F. O. B.

At Valley Forge, your father's chance
To win looked rather blue;
When Washington appealed to France,
The French came P. D. Q.

Now that the Frenchmen need our aid,
Uncle Sam depends on YOU
To go and prove you're not afraid
To pay off that I. O. U.

And curb the Kaiser's warring way
By making Europe free
Of kings with military sway,
So we can R. I. P.

You'll meet some who love the Kaisers—
Who'll try their best to switch
You to line up with traitors—
Tell such to G. T. H.

June 15, 1917

Betrayed

THE PANDERER:—"Come on; come on and be kissed by him."

Death

I am the relentless foe of Life,
I strike true to the Mark,
And must fulfill my measured strife
Allotted by the Stork.

They slander me that say I Grin
'Pon war's bloody battles:
Have I, forsooth, more lives to win
When empty scabbards rattle?

'Tis then I heroes make of all
Who dare to challenge Me,
And heroes know that some must fall
To set the living free

They often die that live in fear,
So bravely fear renounce,
For your reward,—though I come near—
You'll live—and die but once.

July 2, 1917

Glory to U. S. Arms

"Vive les enfant de L'Amerique",
That never met defeat—
The Atlantic and Pacific
They'll free before they quit.

They salted England's breakfast tea,
While dressed in Indian style,
Then fought as bravely to be free
As Greeks at Thermopyle.

Rolled up Mexico's Tortillos,
Then took Chapultepec,
And lately drove Villistos
From Texas to Tepic.

They beat Spain in a Fandango
Upon Manila Bay,
And another at Santiago—
Sent Spaniards home to stay.

Soon on the Rhine they'll fish for trout,
But when they get a smell
Of old Limburger and Sauerkraut,
They'll give the Rebel Yell.

Then lay the Prussians low and flat
In spite of Cannon balls,
And bat that Hohenzollern Brat
'Till Papa Kaiser falls.

July 10th, 1917.

No Laughing Matter

CARTER in Philadelphia Press

THE KAISER:—"Don't laugh, son, that's the man who is ruining the royalty business."

A Warning

How long, Oh, Huns, will you abuse
The patience of your Host?
When will you cease to interfere
With patriots at their post?

By ways as foul as submarines,
With spying periscope,
You try to sink our Ship of State---
Strike all within your scope.

You left your country joyfully,
Were welcomed to our Land,
The Land you swore you would uphold,
Took oath you would defend.

That Mark on Cain was but a scratch
To yours of infamy,
For all your crimes you have prefaced
By that of perjury.

Because our sons are now in France
Our thoughts run 'cross the sea
So please don't monkey with our switch
Or you'll hang to a tree.

November 17, 1917

Autocracy Versus Democracy

We'll make the Desolater desolate;
Of Victory he'll soon cease to prate.
That Arbiter of small Nation's fate,
Now for his own does supplicate.

Hear not his cry for peace, for 'tis the knell
Of Liberty and false as hell.
But heed the wail from Lusitania's shell,
Of murdered ones his Huns did fell.

'Tis time to choose between Autocracy,
Under that Brute of Germany,
And our President with Democracy
Forever free from Tryanny.

The world has chosen Him, Woodrow Wilson,
Who can and will make peace, Oh, Hun.
And ere ye shall pass the buck to your son
You'll meet his Yankee Sons o' Gun.

November 14, 1917

The Pacifist

Ere they used the poisonous shell
It had been said that "War is hell,"
Yet William was more than willing
For the foulest ways of killing.

He, for a peaceful Land did crave;
Land of the bravest of the brave,
There hurled mad Huns through Belgium's gate.
And won the World's undying hate.

Now shunned by all whom he defied,
Conscience stricken and terrified,
He tries to stem his homing Huns
Who flee from our avenging guns.

He proffers us the olive branch
While planning to defraud the French.
But where's the fool would trust a Hun
While he retains a trench or gun?

He's here, he's there, most everywhere,
Pro-German Pacifist for fair,
That sulks when Kaiser meets defeat
And smiles when Berlin says we're beat.

One lives next door to you, if not,
Across your street you'll find a lot.
So sail right in and soak the Mutt
That smiles, for Kaiser, as he struts.

November 20, 1917

Fighting Holstein Bull

Good old Ben Jones raised grain and wool,
Across the road lived Wiliam Brown,
Who kept a fighting Holstein Bull,
A terror to tear fences down.

One day Bill Brown unbarred his Bull
And stable doors he opened wide,
Then cracked his whip, just like a fool,
Upon the beast's tough, blooming hide.

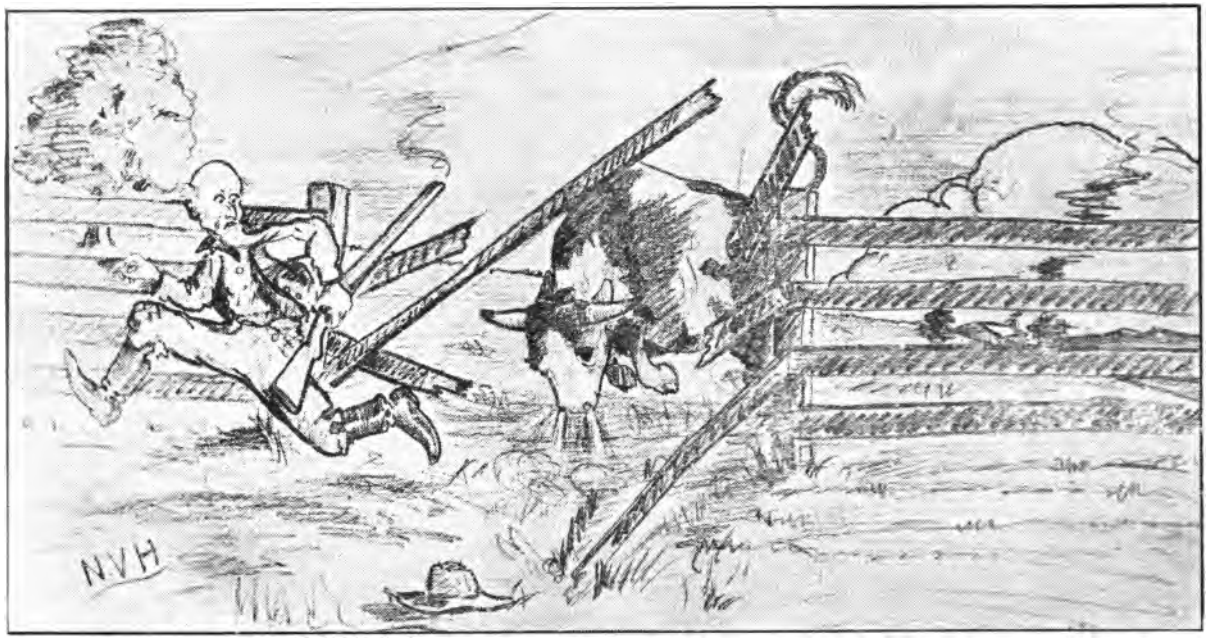
Out shot the Bull, and took the gate
Of the corral upon its horns.
Jones saw him come and pulled his freight,
Made tracks for home to get his sons.

When he reached home, said he to all
His Boys, that had gathered around,
"Bill's Holstein Bull has left his stall,
Go, kill him ere he tramps our ground."

Said John, the oldest, "Dad, 'taint right"
To send us boys to other lands,
If he comes here why then we'll fight."
John won and Jones threw up his hands.

So the Bull he had the freedom
Of all the road and wild did run.
Along Jones' fence he made things hum,
While Bill looked on and thought it fun.

Fighting Holstein Bull



That Bull he smashed, in just a week,
A dozen rigs, killed many sheep
And lambs galore. What made Jones sick
Was, none would put that brute to sleep.

Now, when no living thing would come,
Or could be seen along that road,
John saw the Bull a-going some,
Tearing the fence down, board by board.

John aimed and fired, but his shot went wild,
He cussed, he turned and ran away.
Both he and Bull raced 'cross the field,
Straight for the kitchen door, and say,

The whole darn family saw that race,
But none came out to shoo that Bull.
Said Jones, "John's coming to our place"
"To fight according to his rule."

"Here, you women folks, take the kids,"
Hike for the barn, the boys and I,
Will do some glorius warlike deeds,
By gosh, today that Bull'll die."

They let John in and shut the door,
Then Jones he took the matter cool.
Firm-footed on the kitchen floor,
Awaited William's Holstein Bull.

Soon came an awful jar and crash,
The Bull broke through the kitchen wall,
Knocked four men down, then made a dash
Through every room and every hall.

Though each man had a hickory stick,
No two fought in the self-same room.
So that Holstein had a picnic
As household goods flew up the flume.

Jones called for a consultation.
"Boys," said he, as he clenched his fist;
"Fall in line in massed formation,
We'll fight as one and get that beast."

When he met four men, good and strong,
He turned and in the pantry rushed,
The floor gave way and he headlong
Down in the concrete cellar crashed.

Just then Pete Olson, Bill's hired man,
Came up to have a "Parley Vous,"
He held in hand a spick and span
New cotton rope and halter too.

"Gude marning Meester Yones," he said,
"I ban sent heer by Meester Brown.
Dos fence he faix, I tank he paid,
Nu fer his Bool I bane coom down."

"I," Jones replied, "Made up my mind,"
To get along without a fence."
I'll tear down Bill's offensive kind,
Then won't need none for my defense."

"But first I'll kill and cook the Bull,
"Pete" you tell Bill what I tell you;
If he follows the Golden Rule,
He can come to the barbecue."

We knew Ben Jones meant all he said,
For he yanked up a hitching post
Then whacked that Bull across the head,
And William's pet gave up the ghost.

"Burn up the house," yelled Jones, "I'm boss,"
I'll leave no salvage for Rebate,
"I'll make Bill pay a total loss,
His Bull Clause I'll not tolerate."

When Pete got back he told Bill all.
Bill took the rope from Peter's hand,
Clumb up a tree, good strong and tall,
Jumped off but never hit the ground.

Bill did a first class job, you bet.
Pete said "Dar rope ban strong tank you,"
"It hurts me gude, alretty yet"
"I go tu Yonyes barbecoo."

December 23, 1917

Somehow---Somewhere

Somewhere in France they're putting up
A three ring circus tent.
The Ticket Agents are around
And seats are now for rent.

Somewhere in dear old U. S. A.
'Twas planned to give that Show,
Elsewhere Pro-German Mutts all said
"U-Boats won't let you Go."

Somewhere get tickets for that Show,
Buy from the Red Cross Man,
And buy one stamped Y. M. C. A.
Take two, take all you can.

Somewhere—most anywhere, I'm sure,
You'll meet a K. of C.
Pay him for one; he'll send it to
Some orphan 'cross the sea.

Somewhere along the fighting front,
Within that Yankee Show,
They'll treat you to a royal time
You'll see Huns on the go.

Somewhere on center pole you'll see
The EAGLE we've let go.
Inside the tent the ringmaster,
Jack Pershing, runs our show.

Somewhere in No Man's Land, our boys,
Whirl 'round the wireless loop.
For clown they have a silly Prince,
A pure bred Nincompoop.

Somewhere, nowhere elsewhere they say
All animals are loose.
The Lion, Wolf and Kangaroo
Play with the young Cayuse.

Somewhere the Bear now hibernates,
When freed he left the ring,
We'll let him slumber all he wants,
For he'll come back next spring.

Somewhere, we can't tell where just now,
Sometime before next fall,
They'll surely catch and cage, to show
One animal—that's all.

Somewhere along the Rhine he prowls,
That beast we call "the Hun,"
The Lion, Eagles and the Wolf
Now have him on the run.

Somewhere they'll use another cage,
Inside the tented show,
For that double headed Eagle
That failed to reach the Po.

Somewhere in France some sight you'll see
When starts the Grand Parade,
Sametime Our Eagle leave his perch
For Berlin unafraid.

February 4, 1918

The Kaiser From A. to Z.

Atrocious, Arrant Assassin.
Belgium's Bloody, Brutal Butcher.
Cherusi's Craven, Cruel Chief.
Denizen's Devilish Debaucher.
Envenomed Europe's Enlightenment.
Fiendish, Freebooting Firebrand.
Germany's Gory, Ghoulish Gnome.
Hated Hellish Hohenzollern Hound.
Infamous Imp, Imperator.
Janus-Jowled, Jabbering Jacchus.
Kirk-Kneeling, Kindred Killing Knave.
Low-Lived, Loathsome, Lurching, Louse.
Mulish, Murdering Mountebank.
Narrowminded, Nameless Noodle.
Outrageous Official Outlaw.
Prussia's Paralytic Poodle.
Queer, Quarrelsome Quadruflusher.
Ruthless, Ruffianized Robber Rex.
Soured, Sacriligious Sycophant,
Teaching Turks Terrible Teuton Tricks.
Unlawfully Unleashed U-Boats.
Vicious Vampire, Verdun's Victim.
Wildly, Wilfully Waged War With
Xerxes, Xystarch, Xebecs, Xeloidin.
Ye Yahooed Ye Young Yoemanry.
Zany-Zollern Zernined Zeppelins.

March 17, 1918

A Forceful Speaker

A Few Scraps of Paper

Bold Barons met King John at Runnymede,
There forced the Charter in his hand
He signed indeed
—For England's need—
"A Scrap of Paper" to rule the land.

Martin Luther, with Holy Writ in hand,
Indulgences boldly hurled
From his native land
And did defend
"A Scrap of Paper" 'gainst the world.

A band of patriots met in Fanueil Hall,
There did declare for Liberty,
At their Country's call
They signed, for all,
"A Scrap of Paper," to be Free.

And for the best—the Union to sustain—
Abraham Lincoln gave the decree,
"In this Domain
No slaves retain"—
"A Scrap of Paper" set them free.

"Free tolls for our ships" so Congress declared
Ungrudgingly they did retract
When Wilson said,
As his Message read,
" 'A Scrap of Paper' you must respect."

January 24th, 1915.

The Writing on the Wall

The German Staff had planned it fine
To cross the Belgium neutral line,
On August Fourth
They sallied forth
While singing the "Wacht am Rhine."

And they crossed with flying colors,
For von Emmech had his orders,
"Without delay
'To hack his way'
Through Belgium and on to Paris."

Where the Kaiser—such was his boast—
Said he'd eat his quail on toast,
And named the day
He'd have his way,
In six weeks he'd meet Mine Host.

But came one fair September morn,
Close to the winding river Marne,
There old von Kluck
Was thunder struck—
Of victory he was shorn.

Then at Verdun, the butchers bill
—Already high—rose higher still;
There the Crown Prince
Made Germans wince,
For Frenchmen had learned the way to kill.

Yet he made some gains—here a trench,
And there some cannon from the French—
But he observes
That his reserves
Are all used up, both root and branch.

Now they fight—not to free the sea—
Nor yet for weal of Germany—
To save the crown
For a young clown,
Which would be lost—with soldiers free.

The day of reckoning now draws near,
The "Writing on the Wall" is clear —
It is "REPUBLIC"
Not "Dynastic"
That is the Kaiser's mortal fear.

April 10th, 1916.

With Germany, If--

Old Kaiser Wilhelm, he bellowed and roared,
I'll carve a place in the Sun with my Sword,
I, the Annointed—
By God appointed,
The scourge of man, as Etzel of old.

His roar awoke the sleeping Russian bear,
And roused the Brittish Lion from its lair;
The Eagle of France
Flew to its lance,
While brave Belgians called his bluff of hot air.

They're willing now to give him all of the sun,
But off of the earth he must go with his son,
And we'll get along
With Germans as long
As they're free from the sway of a Hun.

April 24th, 1916

HINDENBURG: "HIS NAME, SIRE, WAS BYNG"

Triple Alliance

WHEREAS, Democracy, defender of Peace, Justice and Humanity, is threatening the fall of the Hohenzollern Dynasty, and the death rate is so low that Charon will be compelled to cease ferrying the Dead across the Styx: and

WHEREAS, His Satanic Majesty, Asmodeus, King of the Devils, complains that there are too many sacred buildings dedicated to the saving of souls, his kingdom does not now receive its due proportion of lost souls;

NOW THEREFORE, in order to remedy the foregoing evils, His Imperial Majesty, Kaiser Wilhelm II, His Satanic Majesty, Asmodeus, and Grim Death have appointed Plenipotentiaries: Kaiser Wilhelm II, Gen. Von Moltke, His Satanic Majesty, Asmodeus, Lieutenant Mephistopheles, and Grim Death, Lord High Executioner, Major General Mower, who having communicated to each other their full powers have agreed upon the following Articles;

Article I. His Imperial Majesty Kaiser Wilhelm II is commanded to have his agent at Rome, unlock and open the Gates of the Temple of Janus. And in order to delay the day of Peace, said agent shall cast the keys into the Tiber.

Article II. The slaughter of Democratic

People shall begin within Sixty Days from the date of the Exchanges of Ratifications of this Treaty.

Article III. In order that there shall be more lost Souls, Shooting, Poisoning and Drowning, shall, whenever possible, be done without warning. And no distinction shall be observed between Belligerents and Neutrals, nor as between Men, Women and Children.

Article IV. And His Imperial Majesty Kaiser Wilhelm II agrees with the High Contracting Parties, that he shall spare no Church nor Cathedrals, in any Town or City bombarded by his Artillery.

In faith whereof the Plenipotentiaries have signed this Treaty and thereunto affixed their Seals. Done at Berlin, the 8th day of May, 1914.

Signed, GEN. VON MOLTKE.

Signed, LIEUTENANT MEPHISTOPHELES.

Signed, MAJOR GENERAL MOWER.

Ratifications Exchanged at the Third Station of Hell, June 5th, Anno Diabolo 1.

Ratified by Death May 25, 1914.

Ratification Advised by the Military Vons, May 27th, 1914.

Ratified by Wilhelm II May 31st, 1914.

Ratification advised by the Devils May 27th, 1914.

Ratified by Asmodeus, Rex Diaboles June 1st, 1914.

Date of writing, Feb. 20, 1915.

The Witches of Bielefeld

The Witches of Bielefeld

PLACE: Teutoberg Wald, near Detmold, Germany, near a cave with a large oaken door, Raining, thunder and lightning.

Dramatis Personae

WILHELM II—Emperor of Germany.
von Falkenstaff—Chief of Staff
von Cow
von Bellows
von der Goat
von Hinderbugs
} Generals of the Emperor's High Command
Three Messengers
First Witch
Second Witch
Recorder for the Witches
Nymph

Apparations

Hannibal, Julius Caesar, Arminius, Philip II of Spain, Charles XII of Sweden, Napoleon Bonaparte, George Washington and Pope Pius X.

WILHELM—Go, von Bellows, knock on yon door and demand admittance. (The Emperor and his staff dismount and tie their horses to a small tree.)

VON BELLOWS (knocking)—By command of his Majesty, I demand admittance.

1st. WITCH—We heed no commands nor demands from those who seek our favors or advice.

WILHELM—I come for neither but wish to see and hear the Spirits of the Dead. 'Tis reported that you have the power to conjure them so mortal eyes and ears can see and hear them.

1st. WITCH—'Tis not permitted to grant your request before the midnight hour so await the time without.

WILHELM—Must we stand here three long hours in this rain?

1st. WITCH—Aye, aye and short the time. Remember Henry IV awaited the pleasure of a Pope for three days before the Gates of Canossa

VON BELLOWS—Sire, I like not that Witch's reference to your illustrous predecessor, let us away to Detmold.

VON FALKENSTAFF—Your Majesty, allow us to force the door?

VON DER GOAT (whispering to Hindersbugs)—And teach that Hag some manners.

WILHELM—Silence, heir steh Ich; Ich kann nicht anders, for I must see and hear the Spirits from the Dead.

1st. WITCH—Sire, whilst you await the time disarm, take off all insignia of militarism for such will not be permitted within the cave.

VON HINDERBUGS—Gott in Himmel, must we go in naked?

VON COW—I fear a trap, what says your Majesty?

WILHELM—Disarm and place helmets, coats, swords and spurs at the foot of the royal oak tree. (Points to a large oak tree near the door of the cave. All now disarm and pile their accoutrements as ordered by the Emperor. The storm seems to abate. The Emperor and his attendants impatiently wait for the midnight hour, when, without warning, a thunder bolt strikes the royal oak accompanied by a terrific peel of thunder, which reverberates from hill to hill then came a deadly silence. It had ceased to rain and through a rift in the parting clouds a moonbeam shines directly upon the shattered oak. All that is left of their accoutrements is a smoldering heap. Their coats, helmets, medals, swords and spurs have melted away.)

VON COW—Jesus! Look Sire, an ill omen. (He points to and wildly gazes upon the burning coats.)

VON BELLOWS—God has straffed our swords and Iron Crosses. Let us away Sire and be damned to the Witches of Bielefeld, I say.

WILHELM—I have a mind to—but wait, here comes Von der Goat. Let's hear what he has to say.

VON DER GOAT—Your Majesty, I regret to inform you that our horses, frightened by the terrible thunderbolt, have broken loose and are not to be seen.

WILHELM—Why, then, must we stay this thing out. Von Cow go back to Detmold and bring back to us six fresh chargers or three autos.

VON COW (saluting)—Yes, sire. (Exit von Cow.)

(The storm has passed away and the full moon, now near the meridian, informs the party that the midnight hour is near. The cave door is now opened.)

1st. WITCH—I am commanded by my mistress to bid you enter. Follow me. (All enter the interior of the cave in semi-darkness. The Witch takes her visitors before five seats, hewn out of stone and placed in a half circle.)

2nd. WITCH—(Who is unseen) Welcome to your Majesty and to your attendents. Be seated and be silent. (All sit down in the stone seats, the Emperor in the center).

1st. WITCH—Sire, whom do you wish to see?

WILHELM—As many as 'twill please you to call forth. Here is the list. (hands paper to Witch).

1st. WITCH—(Reading from list) "Hannibal, Julius Caesar, Arminius, Philip II of Spain, Charles XII of Sweden, Frederick the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte and George Washington." Truly, a goodly list of Immortals. Here, you invisible Nymph, take this list to our Mistress. (The paper wafts away to the astonishment of the Emperor and the members of his staff).

2nd. WITCH—I have sent the list to our hoary ferryman, Charon, with instructions for him to ferry over the River Styx the Spirits your Majesty has called for. While we await their coming our Recorder will take down the names of our visitors as I call them out: Wilhelm II, von Hindenburg, von Falkenstaff, von der Goat and von Bellows. The Spirits that are sent for are: Hannibal, Julius Caesar Arminius, Phillip II of Spain, Charles XII of Sweden, Frederick the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte and George Washington.

NYMPH—Oh! Mistress, the hoary Ferryman calls attention to the payment of the fare.

2nd. WITCH—Pardon me Sire, but I must call your attention to the rule that Charon must be paid for his services for ferrying the Spirits of the dead.

WILHELM—What are his charges?

2nd. WITCH—Three Obolus per passenger, Sire, forty-eight pennies, all told, including return trip.

WILHELM—Here are two marks. (Hands 1st. Witch coins.)

1st. WITCH—Here, thou invisible Nymph, take these to your Mistress.

VON BELLOWS—Sire this smacks of grafting on the dead.

WILHELM—I do not think so, geschaeft ist geschaeft.

2nd. WITCH—Sire, Charon has refused to accept your coins.

WILHELM—Why?

2nd. WITCH—Because your Majesty's superscription is stamped thereon. However, he will take them at half their face value, so you will have to pay double the amount, two Marks more Sire.

WILHELM—Here. (Hands 1st Witch two Marks and whispers to Von Bellows.) Now I believe it is a graft.

VON BELLOWS—I sincerely hope that your Majesty will receive the full value of those four Marks, but I doubt it.

VON DER GOAT—If I had my way I'd buy four sticks of dynamite with those four Marks and use them to blow up this infernal cave, then we would get value received.

VON HINDERBUGS—I for one don't begrudge those four Marks that your Majesty gave to Charon.

WILHELM—Wherefore, Von Hinderbugs?

VON HINDERBUGS—Because for three years past we have succeeded in keeping Charon pretty busy, and now your Majesty is making him work overtime, therefore he is entitled to double pay.

Nymph—Oh, Mistress, the Spirits have arrived and are in the waiting chamber, at your orders.

2nd. WITCH—'Tis well. Call each in the order as written on our register. Proceed.

1st. WITCH—Oh, Spirit of the Immortal son of Hamilcar, come forth! (Instantly a circular light appears at the further end of the cave not unlike, in size and brightness, the rising full moon. Then appears Hannibal holding in his outstretched hands the decapitated head of his brother Hadrusbal.).

HANNIBAL—Oh, Wilhelm, Emperor of the Germanic race that thou hast betrayed, beware of Italy, 'gainst whom I strove for sixteen years! Behold the result of the Metaurus—then came Zama. This gastly trophy my just reward for my invasion. Profit by my example and 'bove all beware Democracy. (Spirit of Hannibal departs, the Emperor is deeply agitated).

VON HINDERBUGS—I pray your Majesty will pay no heed to the vaporings of that African.

WILHELM—I like not his allusions to the battles of the Metaurus and Zama.

VON HINDERBUGS—Why, Sire?

WILHELM—Because the Metaurus was decisive 'gainst that African and so the Marne has proven so to me. Now as Zama proved the end of Hannibal's career so Zeebruge may be the end of all my dreams to rule the world. I fear the letters 'M' and 'Z' for, as you know, Zeebruge is our last stand.

1st. WITCH—I will now, by his deserved name, call for Arminius, "Liberator haud dubie Germanie," come unto our presence. (the spirit of Arminius walks into the center of the circle, bow and arrow in his hands fixed for flight, which he threateningly aims at the Emperor.)

ARMINIUS—With such weapons I vanquished the Roman Legions under Varus and made the Great Augustus cry out in dispair; "Oh, Varus, give me back my Legions!" But you have caused the German people to cry out in anguish: "Oh, Wilhelm, give us back our slaughtered Sons." Resign, let others save the Fatherland that I have freed, Adieu. (Arminius retires).

WILHELM—Oh, Spirit of the Great Herman—

1st. WITCH—Sire, the Spirits of the Dead brook no questioning. I will now conjure Philip II of Spain: Thou son and successor of the great Emperor Charles V please appear. (Philip comes holding a Crucifix in his right hand and a broken anchor in his left hand.)

Hannibal

PHILIP II—Guillermo, beware of England, the defender of Belgium, whose spirit of Democracy I sought to crush, through and by the ruthless and bloody brutality of Alva, and thereby disgraced my glorious reign. Then I attempted to wrest from Albion the supremacy of the sea and this (holds up the anchor) was my reward for my contemplated invasion. Beware 'bove all of my illustrious Sire's Native Land. Follow his example, bastante. (Philip walks away holding the Crucifix before his face).

WILHELM—That anchor is surely a relic of the Invincible Armada.

VON BELLOWS—Ture, Sire, but what significance is there to his saying, "Beware the native land of my Illustrous Sire"? Spain is not at war 'gainst us, or, is she, Sire?

WILHELM—No. He refers to Belgium, for at Ghent did Emperor Charles V first see the light of day.

VON FALKENSTAFF—Then, Sire, if you should follow his example that would mean for you to—

VON DER GOAT—We'll say it, 'Abdicate.'

VON HINDERBUGS—We cannot stand for that, for then what would become of us. To hell with that Spaniard's advice, I say!

1st. WITCH—We will now call upon Julius Caesar. Oh, he whom the Immortal Bard well named "The foremost man of all the world," please us with thy presence. (The clatter of

horses' hoofs and the rumbling noise of Chariot wheels is heard. Two horses' heads appear inside the circle and stop. Caesar is now seen to come in front in the center of the circle, holding a scroll in his right hand and a cloak on his left arm, on the scroll are seen these words: "To the Roman Senate. Veni, Vidi, Vici, Caius Julius Caesar")

JULIUS CAESAR—I warn you, Wilhelm II, you who now misrule the Germanic race, to beware of the Belgians, the bravest of the brave of all the Gauls. Cast off your crown; a bauble which I thrice refused upon the Lupercal. Invaders receive their just reward. This I received as mine upon the Ides of March. (Caesar puts on the cloak which is pierced by dagger holes, with as many bloody spots. The horses advance and as the Chariot passes Caesar jumps in and drives away.)

VON DER GOAT—That's poor consolation the Dago gave you Sire.

WILHELM—Truly, I expected he would say more than he did.

VON BELLOWS—They say he dared to cross the Rubicon, I believe now that he is a daredevil, the way he rubbed it in on your Majesty, and I do not see, Sire, how you expected him to say more.

WILHELM—Well, he in life admitted that he could not subdue our enemy, England, so I did expect him to refer to it.

1st. WITCH—We will now call upon Charles XII. Oh, you mad-cap King of Sweden, let us see and hear thee. (Immediately Charles appears brandishing a sword, with which he parries at the Emperor as he speaks.)

CHARLES XII—Wilhelm, 'tis not long since you boasted that once more Russia is trembling under the blows of your army. I also made her tremble for three years, but came Pultowa. Then for three years, I trembled for my life amongst the treacherous Turks. Now, Wilhelm, in truth, I'm sick and tired to hear you say "Gott strafe England", do a little strafing yourself, and do it NOW, or you will lose your crown. Look a little out for that Uncle Sam, for sure he'll get your Goat. (Charles XII abruptly leaves the circle.)

VON DER GOAT—I wonder if that square head refers to me?

WILHELM—I believe so, and hope so, for I can well spare you.

VON HINDERBUGS—Pay no attention to the souwegian, Sire, for the Turks are still with us.

VON BELLOWS—What I would like to know, Sire, is the United States at war against us?

WILHELM—I don't believe so. We will ask Micheales when we get back to Berlin, but even if—

1st. WITCH—Your Majesty, time is short and we will now call upon Frederick the Great,

so come forward, you who withstood the onslaught of Russia, France and Austria and by your victories laid the foundation for a German Empire. (A few minutes pass in silence).

2nd. WITCH—Frederick the Great absolutely refuses to see or speak to the present Emperor, whose ruthless and brutal acts have stained and defamed the once fair name of Germany.

WILHELM—Entreat him, I beseech you.

1st. WITCH—No, Sire, it would be useless, so we will pass on and call for Napoleon Bonaparte. So, come you, spirit of the bold Corsican. (Bonaparte comes into the circle dressed as a Field Marshall of France. He holds a book in his hand On the cover is the title; "Code Napoleon."

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE—I salute you as Wilhelm, the Hun—the title posterity will bestow upon you. Your abdication is now devoutly wished for by the whole world. Beware of England. She is the Nemesis of all or any who trample upon Belgium. 'Gainst Albion I fought for sixteen years and when I crossed the Belgian line I met my Waterloo, my second abdication and St. Helena. Above all, beware of the U. S., Fare well, Oh Hun! (He bows and leaves).

VON BELLOWS—Your Majesty, that is the second time the Spirits mention the Americans. Now, tell me, Sire, are they at war 'gainst us?

WILHELM—My dear bellowing Bellows, pay no attention to that Corsican upstart and self crowned emperor of the French.

Falkenstaff Napoleon—Belgium N. B. Nota Bene, Sire.

1st. WITCH—We will now invite into our presence he who was "First in Peace, First in War and First in the hearts of his country men!" Oh, thou illustrious and immortal defender of Democracy we beg the honor of your presence. (Instantly seven bright red bands seem to unroll from the upper edge of the circle and the five spaces between the bands of red become white with stars of golden hue. Washington appears in plain civilian dress holding a parchment in his hands which he partly unrolls and holds to the view of the Emperor, who sees the following words "Declaration of Independence—United States of America—We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal—Life, Liberty and pursuit of Happiness—."

GEORGE WASHINGTON—From time immemorial ambitious men acquired the power to rule by the sword or by the mitre. Like a pendulum that power swung from Emperors or Kings to Popes or Bishops, then back from the mitre to the sword. The pendulum still swings, but its oscillations now, happily for mankind, are controled by democracy. You, Wilhelm, seek to rule by the sword and cannon, and sacreligiously proclaim that you are God's vice

gerent on the earth, that you seek to conquer. My beloved country, being, as of right it should be, the invincible defender of Democracy, has declared your brutal and rutheless acts against her commerce and against the lives of her citizens as acts of war. You willed it and you shall rue it. Farewell. (As Washington slowly walks away a white dove with an olive branch in its beak follows him, flying in a circle. The stars go out one by one and the red bands roll up. The white light grows dimmer and darkness again replaces the outer space of the circle.)

VON DER GOAT—Now, Your Majesty must admit that the Americans are at war against us!

WILHELM—Yes, but I do not fear that rebel's country. Our submarines will attend to those that dare to cross the Atlantic. What say you, Hinderbugs?

VON HINDERBUGS—I am of the same opinion, Sire, moreover, I can give you my assurance that I will hold on to the Western line, even if I do have to take it back with me to the Rhine.

VON DER GOAT—I'm not afraid 'bout our Western line but I don't like the letter G.

VON FALKENSTAFF—Why, are you superstitious?

VON DER GOAT—No, not so foolish as to be superstitious, Falkenstaff, but I figured it

Invincible and Unafraid

out so: We cannot defeat that G. of England, and yet that rebel G., he to a finish strafed a G. of this same England. Ergo! How can we beat the G. that easily whipped a G. we can't defeat?

WILHELM—Silence, you fool, or there will be a G. in G. who'll face a Firing Squad.

VON DER GOAT—Whom mean you Sire?

WILHELM—Der Goat of Germany, dunce head.

1st. WITCH—Your Majesty, our conjurgations are over and—

2nd. WITCH—One moment, and listen, Sire, when Charon had crossed the Styx he found upon his arrival here one spirit more than your Majesty had sent for. We still have time. Will you see and hear this spirit whom Charon in his message to me calls a stowaway?

WILHELM—Who is he, and what was his name and rank?

2nd. WITCH—His name, Guiseppe Sarto, his rank a Pope, lately deceased, Pius X.

WILHELM—May I consult with my Staff upon the matter?

1st. WITCH—You may, Sire, but be brief.

WILHELM—What say you, Von Der Goat, shall we see this Pius X?

VON DER GOAT—Your Majesty, off hand, I say No! For his successor, Benedict, is at present trying out for a peace conference and our enemies say that by subterfuge we decieved

Benedict and prevailed upon him to make this attempt for the sole interest of Germany and Austria. Moreover, they go so far as to say that he butts in, as Pius X now does, to come here, which I firmly believe.

VON BELLOWS—Remember Sire, that this same Pope at the very begining of this, our glorious and victorious war, and just before his demise addressed our arch enemy, England as the "Master of Justice and Guardian of the Peace," therefore I am of the same opinion as Von Der Goat.

VON HINDERBUGS—I trust your Majesty will not be offended, for I will speak plainly. We are at present in the position of a drowning man and we must grasp even at a straw for aid, so I favor seeing and above all to hear Pius, for if in life he favored our enemies in his talk to us he may inadvertently give us some information of military value.

VON FALKENSTAFF—Sire I fully and unreservedly coincide with Von Hinderbugs.

WILHELM—Well said. We will hear this Pope and we will pay particular attention to all that he will say. Now you—

1st. WITCH—Pardon, Sire, but time is pressing and Charon is becoming impatient. What is your pleasure?

WILHELM—We have decided to hear Pope Pius X.

WE MUST BRING PEACE TO THE WORLD WITH THE BATTERING OF OUR IRON FIST AND OUR SHINING SWORD — KAISER
HUMANITY
LIBERTY
JUSTICE
STINSON

—Dayton News.

1st. WITCH—'Tis well, for we must not tarry. You who in life was Patriarch of Venice, by name, Guiseppe Sarto, bless us with thy presence. (A halo of light appears above the circle and within the halo is a large cross. Pius comes into the center of the circle and stops immediately under the halo and cross.)

PIUS—My successor, Benedict XV is at present attempting to have the warring nations agree to a peace conference, but it is premature, because it is the rule of our Holy Catholic Church that no absolution shall be granted to an unrepenting sinner, nor until he has made full restitution to those he has wronged or defrauded. Wilhelm, you boast that you are victorious; you are still defying and outraging all laws of God and man, all of which proves your unrepenting mind. Repentance and restitution go hand in hand, as does absolution and peace. Proclaim the former and Peace will follow as day the night, and "Dominus Vobiscum." (Pius leaves followed by a lamb carrying a cross).

VON DER GOAT—I heard nothing said that was of military value Sire. All Popes are the same to me even after they are dead they will butt in.

VON HINDERBUGS—With your permission, Sire, I shall order the destruction of all Catholic churches while retiring from Belgium and northern France.

WILHELM—Do as you wish, my dear Hinderbugs, but do not let that appear in any of your official orders of the day.

VON BELLOWS—Sire, do you contemplate the evacuation of Belgium and thus follow the advice of Pope Pius X ?

WILHELM—I tell thee, Von Bellows, no Pope, be he dead or alive, will ever make me go to Canossa, but we must be prepared for any eventualities; our army on the western front cannot retreat nor can we retire, for we lack reserves to protect and cover a rearward movement, so the enemy compels me to fight to the last ditch. (Loud knocking is heard).

1st. WITCH—Who is it that dares disturb this meeting?

VON COW—I, General Von Cow, just returned from Detmold with conveyance for his Majesty and the members of his staff, so please inform His Majesty of my arrival.

1st. WITCH—I will. (Shuts door). Your Majesty, General Von Cow has arrived with conveyances for your departure. As our conjurations are ended you and your staff will please leave the cave, as it is not permitted for any one to remain till break of day.

WILHELM—'Tis well, we will depart, but first and last I thank you for bringing up the Spirits of the dead to my view and hearing, but deeply regret that one refused to appear,

for which I will not blame any of the Witches of Bielefield.

1st. WITCH—But your Majesty did see the full number of the Spirits, as was inscribed upon your list, for Frederick the Great was replaced by Pope Pius X.

WILHELM—True, but Popes have no liking for such as I or you.

1st. WITCH—We're well aware of that, Your Majesty, but we fear them not. (1st. Witch hobbles toward the door, leaning on her staff).

2nd. WITCH—Sire, Charon has ferried over the Styx all those whom you had called, but has refused to take Pius X because he did not pay his fare, so if your Majesty will pay the two fares Charon will preform his duty.

WILHELM—How much are the fares?

2nd. WITCH—Two Obolus, six pennies, U. S. coin, or 12 coins of your Empire, Sire.

WILHELM—And if I refuse what will be the consequences?

2nd. WITCH—Charon will refuse to convey the unhappy shade of Pius X across and it will be doomed to wander restlessly along the shores of Acheron.

WILHELM—I then refuse to contribute one cent. Let his shade be doomed, it is God's strafing for butting in where he was not called. Now, you who can bring back the Spirits of the

dead, you can no doubt foretell my future, I pray you to do so.

2nd. WITCH—Sire, I can only warn you to beware of the number Thirteen.

WILHELM—Why Thirteen?

2nd. WITCH—Because your Majesty is commonly called 'Kaiser William,' so beginning with your name of thirteen letters I will name others. When you were crowned the Pope, who then presided at the Vatican, was "Cardinal Pecci" Leo XIII., and he it was who decided against Germany, and awarded the "Caroline Isles" to Spain. Again, when your Majesty dropt your faithful Pilot Bismark, you replaced him with a losing thirteen "Prince Caprivi". And, most disastrous to your ambition to rule the world, Sire, was that thirteen of England, "Sir Edward Grey," who threw Great Britian into the scales 'gainst you. Now comes the most powerful thirteen, and one who overshadows them all, "Woodrow Wilson," backed by that Invincible Flag of Thirteen Stripes, and most ably aided by his chief advisor, "Robert Lansing." They have sent the Stars and Stripes to be unfurled on French soil, there to remain in charge of a fighting 13, John J. Pershing, until your armies are defeated—until the World is assured that no more cannons are "Made in Germany". That is all I will say,

Beware of No. 13

and will ask you, Sire, to leave, as day is fast approaching.

WILHELM—I thank you for calling my attention to that, to me, fatal Thirteen. I will add that my greatest obstacle for a peace is that same Thirteen "Strasburg-Metz." Good Bye. (All leave the Cave).

VON COW—Sire, below are three autos, it was impossible to get horses in Detmold. I, however, succeded in getting new accoutrements. I await your pleasure, Sire.

WILHELM—Well done, Von Cow, Vorwaerts, take the lead and we will leave this accursed place. (All march down the steep and rocky defile.)

VON BELLOWS—When I was a small boy I often was sent to the bakery for a dozen pretzels. The baker always gave me an extra one, which I ate, therefore I never could see any bad luck in number thirteen.

VON DER GOAT—If your Majssty will note, you have succeeded in getting rid of a thirteen.

WILHELM—How and when, Von Der Goat?

VON DER GOAT—Why, when your Majesty refused to pay six pennies to have Charon ferry over Pius X.

WILHELM—How do you make out Pius X a Thirteen?

VON DER GOAT—Well his name was "Giuseppe Sarto," thirteen letters, Sire.

WILHELM—Good, I shall not forget that on my next decoration day, Von Der Goat.

VON COW—I, for one, am not superstitious, but explain to me, Von Der Goat, how is it that a thirteen made a promise to our Emperor, but did not come through with the goods?

WILHELM—Who was that, and what did he promise me, Von Cow?

VON COW—"Von Falkenhayn." He promised you Verdun, Sire.

WILHELM—Enough, the first one who mentions that number to me hereafter, shall be shot. (The party have arrived at the bottom of the hill.)

VON COW—Here are the three autos, Sire, and the three messengers who have come from the battle fronts, and I trust that they bring your Majesty good news. (The three messengers approach the Emperor, salute and each one gives him a large official envelope.)

WILHELM—Turn on the light here so I can read these messages. (The search light of the first auto is turned on and the Emperor reads in an audible voice) "If your Majesty cannot send me reinforcement, then by all means come to the eastern front. I fear that all our plans must be changed, for I fear the inaction of the Russian's more than any of their bayonet charges. Assuring your Majessty of ultimate victory, I remain, etc. General Von Mutt."

(Takes second letter and continues).

"As a supplement to my last advice to your Majesty, I beg to report that the enemy under General Cardorna, had crossed the Isonzo. Emperor Charles will be here to-morrow to enthuse his army to make a stand to save the Peak of San Gabriele, but I fear it is too late, unless your Majesty sends reinforcement at the earliest possible moment. With deep appreciations for your Majesty's favors, I remain at Your Command,

General Von Eiselkopf."

(Takes last letter and reads on).

"Sire, General Haig has attacked the Green Crassier, and I fear that Lens will have to be evacuated. I could not communicate with Hinderbugs, as we cannot locate him. He left yesterday on an important mission—I understood it was to confer with your Majesty. The attack upon our trenches was led by the Manitobans, and believe me, Sire, there were many. If Hinderbugs does not return soon, and with reinforcement sufficinent to be able to make a successful counter attack, we will have to order a retirement.

I Sincerely pray for your Majesty's success.

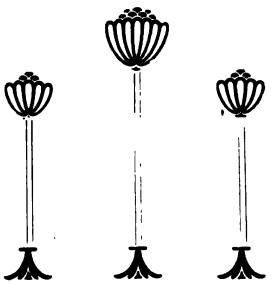
General Von Boob."

(The Emperor now gets busy.)

WILHELM—Here, Von Hinderbugs, take this message, it pertains to you. Take first auto with messenger from your front and go

immediately to Lens by way of Warburg; read the message at your leisure on your way. You, Von Bellows, with Von Der Goat and Austrian messenger, take second auto and speed away to Vienna as soon as possible. Here, Falkenstaff, get ready, we go to Berlin, passing through Detmold, and Magdeberg. (For a few minutes all are busily engaged putting on their accoutrements. Enter their respective autos and speed away and exit all.)

August 30th, 1917.



Notes

ACROBATIC POEM—J. B. German's Fright is the title. In J. B. German's Fright is contained the initial of the nations at war; also J. B. means John Bull, German's Fright.

ALVA—Fernando Alvarez De Toledo Duke of—Born 1508, was sent into the Netherlands at the head of 10,000 men with unlimited powers for the extirpation of heretics. Alva boasted that in six years he executed 18,000 men and women through and by his "Bloody Tribunal." He was recalled by his bigoted master Philip II, in 1573.

APRIL—Month of War Declaration for the U. S.
War of the Revolution, April 19, 1775
Black Hawk Indian War, April 21 1831
War with Mexico, April 24th, 1846
Civil War, April 12th, 1861.
Spanish-American War, April 21st, 1893.

ARMADA—"The Invincible"—Sailed from Lisbon May 29, 1583. Fleet consisted of 129 large vessels and carried 19,295 soldiers and 8,460 sailors, besides slaves and rowers, and 2,431 cannons. Defeated and destroyed on July 19, 1583, by the English Navy under Admiral Lord Howard, of Effingham.

ARMINIUS—Born 18, B. C. Annihilated the

whole Roman army, under Varus, in 9 A. D. This sanguinary battle, which lasted three days, freed the German race from the oppressive Roman yoke. Arminius was assassinated by his own people while trying to quell an internecine strife among the German tribes, in the year 20 A. D.

AUGUSTUS—Roman Emperor, born 63, B. C. In 29, B. C., he closed the Temple of Janus with most pompus ceremony and proclaimed universal peace. In the year 9, A. D., Augustus suffered the one crushing defeat of his reign at the hand of the Germans, led by Arminus. The loss so afflicted the Emperor that he cried in anguish "Oh! Varus give me back my Legions," and allowed his beard and hair to grow as a sign of deep mourning. Died 14, A. D.

BENEDICT—Cardinal Della Chiesa, formerly Archbishop of Bologna. Was elected Pope September, 3, 1914.

BIELEFELD—Town in the Prussian province of West Phalia. First mentioned in the 9th, century as Belanvelde; situate near the western side of the Teutoberger-Walde.

BONAPARTE—Napoleon. Born at Ajaccio, August, 15, 1769. Crowned Emperor of the French at Notre Dame, Paris, Pope Pius VII officiating. Napoleon however, took the crown from the Pope's hand and placed it on his own head. Abdicated April 11, 1814.

Battle of Waterloo June 18, 1815. Second abdication June 22, 1815, and was banished to the Island of St. Helena, where he died May, 5, 1821.

BRYAN—William Jennings. Appointed Secretary of State by President Woodrow Wilson March 4, 1913. Resigned June 8, 1915.

CAESAR—Caius Julius. Born 100 B. C. First invasion of England, 55 B. C., whither Caesar was led partly by curiosity and partly by a desire to detach the Celtic Confederacy from Britian, which was the sure asylum of political refugees. In 44 B. C., he refused the crown offered to him by Mark Anthony, and a month later, being the Ides of March was assassinated.

CANOSSA—A ruined castle of north Italy, 12 miles S. W. of Reggio. In its courtyard the Emperor Henry IV stood in penitential garb for three days (Jan. 25-27, 1070) before Pope Gregory VII admitted him to his presence and removed the ban of excommunication. To "Go to Canossa" is the modern phase for preforming an act of humiliation at the compulsion of another.

CHAPULTEPEC—A castle two miles S. W. of Mexico City, taken by the U. S. troops under Gen, Scott, September, 13 1847.

CHARLES V—Emperor of Germany, King of Spain and the Netherlands. Born at Ghent, Belgium, February 24, 1500. Presided at

the Diet of Worms, 1521, to try Martin Luther for heresy. Abdicated, October, 1555.

CHARLES XII—King of Sweden. Born June, 27, 1682. Crowned in 1692. Invaded Russia and Poland. For three years he forced the Russian army to a continual retreat. At last Peter the Great made a stand at Pultowa, July, 9, 1709, and most decisively defeated and destroyed the Swedish army and Charles XII was compelled to escape to Turkey,, where he remained for three years. Meanwhile Sweden was completely crushed by her enemies. Charles returned to Sweden in 1712 and was killed at the siege of Frederickshall December 11, 1718.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—July, 4 1776.

DETMOLD—Chief town in the principality of Lippe, Germany, situated east side of the Teutoberger-Walde. Three miles S. W. of Detmold stands the colossal statue of Arminius.

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION—By Abraham Lincoln, August 22, 1862.

ETZEL—Chief of the Huns, defeated at the battle of Chalons, A. D., 451. Called Attila a ruthless barbarian. He assumed the title of "The Scourge of God." The following will explain why the civilized people call the German soldiers "Huns": When the present Emperor of Germany sent out his puntitive

expedition to China he addressed his soldiers as follows: "When you encounter the enemy you will defeat him. No quarters shall be given; no prisoners shall be taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy. Just as the Huns, a thousand years ago, under the leadership of Etzel, gained a reputation by virtue of which they live in historical tradition, so may the name of Germany become known in such manner in China that no Chinaman will ever again even dare to look askance at a German."

FREDERICK THE GREAT—Born January 24, 1712. Crowned King of Prussia. Conducted the "Seven Years War" and at the peace conference at Hubertsburg, February 15, 1763, he not only maintained his territory undiminished, but he had also added a tenfold prestige to Prussia and to Prussian arms. He died August 17, 1786.

HAMILCAR—Barca. The most illustrious of the Carthaginian Generals. Born 270 B. C. He was the father of the "Lion's Brood"—Hannibal, Hadrusbal and Mago. He made his eldest son Hannibal, at the age of nine, swear on the alter of supreme Carthaginian deity eternal hatred and enmity of Rome.

HANNIBAL—Born 247, B. C. Invaded Italy, 218, and his second army of invasion arrived in Italy, led by his brother Hadrusbal, in 207 B. C. Tried to form junction with Hannibal,

but was defeated and slain by the Romans under Claudius Nero, who ordered the head of Hadrusbal thrown into the tent of Hannibal. When Hannibal saw his brother's head he exclaimed "Rome will be the mistress of the world." Hannibal died by his own hand by poison in 188, B. C. See Zama.

HENRY IV—Holy Roman Emperor. Born 1050, crowned King of Germany at the age of four, during his father's lifetime. Henry's reign was one of the most troubled in German history. Died 1106.

HERMAN—The German name for Arminius.

HOLLWEG—Von Bethmann, German Chancellor, appointed July 14, 1909. Resigned, July, 14, 1917.

JANUS—Temple of. A Roman god, after whom the month of January was named. His temple was open in war and closed during peace.

LANSING—Robert. Appointed Secretary of State by President Wilson, June, 23, 1915.

LUTHER—MARTIN. The greatest protestant reformer of the 16th century. Born at Eiseleben, Germany, 1483. Wrote his defy against the Roman Church and nailed the paper on the door of the church at Wittenberg, October, 29, 1517. At the Diet of Worms, before his Emperor Charles V, and his powerful accusers, he finished his defense with the memorable words: "Here I

stand; I can't do otherwise." Was condemned to be burned, but escaped. He died in his native town February 17, 1546

MAGNA CHARTA—The Great Charter granted by King John of England to the barons; is the basis of the English constitution. At Runnymede the barons forced their king to sign the Charter on June 19, 1215.

MARNE—River in France. Battle of the Marne September 8, and 9, 1914. At this engagement the Germans were compelled to retire to the Aisne. That battle not only saved France, but it demonstrated that the Germans could not win, for their high tide of invasion had been reached and the ebb had set in. For that reason the battle of the Marne will no doubt take rank as one of the decisive battles of the world.

MEPHISTOPHELES—A devil, and one of the best known personifications of evil.

METARUS—Battle of the. B. C., 207, Claudius Nero and Marcus Livius, combined, by forced marches deceived both Hannibal and Hadrusbal. Annihilated the army of the latter near the banks of the Metauro. See Hannibal.

MORDKESSEL—der German, the kettle of slaughter, the supposed place where Varus fell.

NAPOLEON'S NEMESIS—England, who fought Bonaparte for sixteen years and finally defeated him at Waterloo.

OBOLOS—A small silver coin of Athens, value three cents.

PHILIP II—King of Spain and the Netherlands, son and successor of his father, Charles V. Was born 1527. During his reign he used all the power of the Spanish Inquisition to crush all who opposed his tyranny, but the effect in the low countries was a formidable revolt, which ended in 1579, with the northern part, the Seven United Provinces, achieving Independence. Philip died in 1598.

PETER THE GREAT—Peter I., Alexandreievich, born 1672. In 1703, on May 27, he laid the foundation for a new capital, St Petersburg, now called Petrograd. In his long contest with Sweden the Russians were almost always defeated. He had his revenge at last in totally routing the Swedish King, Charles XII, at Pultowa. Peter died in 1725.

QUATREBRAS—Also written, "Quatre Bras;" was the scene of a British victory over the French, under Marshall Ney, on June 16, 1815, being a part of the Battle of Waterloo.

TEUTOBERGER-WALDE—A forest in Germany, This region still retains the name, "Teutoberger-Walde Teutobergionsis saltus," which it bore in the days of Arminius.

TREATY—Hay-Pauncefote, between the United States and Great Britian, to facilitate the construction of a ship canal. Ratifications exchanged at Washington, February 21, 1902.

TRIPLE ALLIANCE—Entered into by Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy, May 20, 1882. Was renewed in 1891 for a period of 12 years and on June 26, 1902, was again renewed for the same period, terminating in the early part of December, 1912.

TRIPLE ENTENTE—Includes Great Britian, France and Russia, and with the friendship of Italy. The agreement was made between Great Britian and France in 1904 and with Russia in 1907. "The Triple Entente Comprising Great Britian, France and Russia, and the friendliness of Italy, is formed of nations having a common interest and who are friendly toward each other, amounting to a reciprocal regard. Whereas, the Triple Alliance is formed of nations who have nothing in common and who, furthermore, are mortal enemies. It is to be noted in this connection that Germany was the only nation that DID NOT offer condolence in regard to the catastrophe causesd by the eruption of Vesuvius." N. Y. World Encyclopedia.

VARUS—Quintilius, Roman general sent by Augustus to command the Roman Legions in Germany, in the year A. D. 7. See Arminius.

VICEGERENT—Having or exercising delegated power. At the outbreak of the present war Emperor Wilhelm II illustrated his spirit of fanatical absolutism by saying to his army:

"Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, as German Emperor, the spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon; His sword; His Vicegerent; woe to the disobedient! Death to cowards and unbelievers!"

WASHINGTON—George. The Father of his Country. Born February 22, 1732. Commander of the Continental army. First president of the United States of America, 1789. Died at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799.

WILHELM II—Third Emperor of Germany and Ninth King of Prussia. Born at Berlin, January 27, 1859. Succeeded his father, Frederick III, June 15, 1888.

WILSON—Woodrow, the twenty-eighth president of the United States. Born at Staunton, Virginia, Dec. 28, 1856. This "Scholar in Politics" has proven and turned out to be a great man of action. His war Message to Congress, April 2, 1917, stands second to no other state paper in the history of the world. In its importance to mankind it will be placed by posterity with the Magna Charta, Declaration of Inependence and Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation.

XERXES—The greatest invador of ancient time. Born 485, B. C. He accompanied his forces on their march through Thrace, Thesaly and Locris; witnessed the battle of

Thermopylae and the destruction of his fleet at Salamis. He was murdered by Artabanus in 465, B. C.

ZAMA—Battle of, 201, B. C., where Hannibal was utterly defeated by the Roman army under Scipio Africanus. This memorable dicisive battle compelled Carthage to sue for peace.

ZEEBRUGGE—A seaport of Belgium, Province of W. Flanders. Zeebrugge is now held by the Germans and is used as a submarine base.

Declarations of War Previous to the Entrance of the United States.

1914

July 28—Austria vs. Serbia
Aug. 1—Germany vs. Russia
Aug. 3—Germay vs. France
Aug. 4—Germany vs. Belgium
Aug. 4—*France vs Germany
Aug. 4—Great Britian vs. Germany
Aug. 6—Austria vs. Russia
Aug. 7—Montenegro vs. Russia
Aug. 10—France vs. Austria
Aug. 10—Austria vs. France
Aug. 12—Great Britian vs. Austria
Aug. 12—Montenegro vs. Germany
Aug. 23—Japan vs. Germany
Aug. 25—Austria vs. Japan
Aug. 28—Austria vs. Belgium
Oct. 29—*Turkey vs. Russia
Nov. 2—Russia vs. Turkey
Nov. 5—Great Britian vs. Turkey
Nov. 5—France vs. Turkey
Nov. 7—Belgium vs. Turkey

Nov. 7—Serbia vs. Turkey

Nov. 10—Montenegro vs. Turkey

1915

May 23—Italy vs. Austria

June 3—San Marino vs. Austria

Aug. 20—Italy vs. Turkey

Oct. 7—Russia vs. Bulgaria

Oct. 14—Bulgaria vs. Serbia

Oct. 14—Great Britain vs. Bulgaria

Oct. 16—Bulgaria vs. Russia

Oct. 16—France vs. Bulgaria

Oct. 18—Italy vs. Bulgaria

Oct. 18—Montenegro vs. Bulgaria

1916

Mar. 9—Germany vs. Portugal

Mar. 10—Portugal vs. Germany

Mar. 16—*Austria vs. Portugal

Aug. 28—Italy vs. Germany

Aug. 28—Rumania vs. Austria

Aug. 28—Germany vs. Rumania

Aug. 30—†Rumania vs. Bulgaria

Aug. 31—Turkey vs. Rumania

Sept. —Bulgaria vs. Rumania

* Began hostilities without formal declaration.

† Ultimatum.

Fifteen Decisive Battles in the History of the World

BATTLE OF MARATHON—B. C. 490. Datis and Araphernes, satraps of King Darius I, with a force of 100,000 men, are utterly put to rout and defeated by the Athenians and the Plataens under command of Miltiades, who had but 11,000 men.

DEFEAT OF THE ATHENIANS—B. C. 413. At Marathon the Athenians struggled for self-preservation against the invading armies of the East and won a glorious victory. At Syracuse she appears as the ambitious and oppressive invader of others and was ingloriously defeated.

BATTLE OF ARBELA—B. C. 331. Alexander the Great defeats Darius III, Persian invader who escapes from the battle field to Bactria, where he was murdered by his Bactrian Satrap, Bessus.

BATTLE OF THE METAURUS—B. C. 207 (See Notes.)

VICTORY OF ARMINIUS—A. D. 9 (See Notes.)

BATTLE OF CHALONS—A. D. 451. The Roman General Aetius and his Gothic Allies defeat Attila, chief of the Huns, whose savage boast was that grass never grew on a spot where his horse had trodden. This battle took place five miles from the City of Chalons-Sur-Marne and about sixty miles east from the place where was fought the Battle of the Marne, September, 6-7-8, 1914, and being the second Hun defeat on that famous river.

BATTLE OF TOURS—A. D. 732. Charles Martel defeats the Saracens under Abderrahman, who was slain on the field and the Moselm invaders put to flight.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS—A. D. 1066. William of Normandy defeats Harold II of England and by that victory becomes William I of England and surnamed William the Conqueror.

JOAN OF ARC'S VICTORY—A. D. 1429. The French, under the inspiring leadership of Joan of Arc, defeat the English at Orleans and thereby insured the deliverance of France from the English. Joan of Arc was tried before an ecclesiastical Tribunal on the charge of Witchcraft, and on the 30th of May, 1431, she was burned alive in the market place at Rouen.

DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA—A. D. 1588. (See Notes.)

BATTLE OF BLENHEIM—A. D. 1704. Here the ambitious aggression of Louis IV was curbed and decisively defeated by the Allies under John Churchill Duke of Marlborough, who never fought a battle that he did not win, and never besieged a place that he did not take. The Allies were England, Holland, Austria, Prussia and Portugal. After the battle of Blenheim, Ulm, Landau, Treves and Traerbach surrendered to the Allies. Before the close of the year Bavaria submitted to the Emperor and the Hungarians laid down their arms, and Germany was completely delivered from the military power of Louis XIV.

BATTLE OF PULTOWA—A. D. 1709. (See Notes.)

DEFEAT OF BURGOYNE—October 7th, 1777. Being the battle of Saratoga, Revolutionary War. 5,790 men surrendered to General Gates. Burgoyne's regular troops amounted, exclusive of the corps of artillery, to about 7200 men, rank and file, nearly half of these were Germans. He had also an auxiliary force of about 2500 Canadians. He sommoned the warriors of several tribes of Indians near the Western lakes to join his army.

BATTLE OF VALMY—September 20, 1792. The French, under Kellerman, defeat the invading Prussian and French noblesse. The latter were to lead the way upon defenseless Paris. On the very day and at the selfsame hour in which the allied forces and the emigrants began to descend from La Lune, to the attack of Valmy, and while the cannonade was opening between the Prussian and revolutionary batteries, the debate in the National Convention at Paris commenced

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on the proposal to proclaim France a Republic. On the following day the Proclamation making France a Republic was issued and made public.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO—June 18, 1815. Napoleon Bonaparte defeated by the Allies, under the Duke of Wellington. The Allies were England, Prussia, Bavaria, Russia and Austria.

WARS OF U. S.

War of the Revolution—April 19, 1775 to April 11, 1783
War With France—July 9, 1798 to Sept. 30, 1800
War With Tripoli—June 10, 1801 to June 4, 1805
Creek Indian War—July 27, 1813 to Aug. 9, 1814
War With Great Britain—June 12,1812 to Feb. 17, 1815
Seminole Indian War—Nov. 20, 1817 to Oct. 21, 1818
Black Hawk Indian War—April 21, 1831 to Sept. 30, 1832
Florida Indian War—Dec. 23, 1835 to Aug. 14, 1843
War With Mexico—April 24, 1846 to July 4, 1848
Apache, Navajo and Utah War—April 24, 1849 to July 4, 1885
Seminole India War—April 24,1856 to July 5, 1865
Civil War—April 24, 1861 to April 9, 1865.
Spanish American War—April 21, 1898 to Dec. 10, 1898
War With Germany—April 6, 1917 to ————————*

*To the Centennial year of the first Seminole Indian War.

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THE DECISIVE BATTLES

Battle of Marathon, B. C. 490:

Miltiades led the gallant Greeks

Defeat of the Spanish Armada, A. D. 1588:

There Pershing gave his message "We have Come"
To drive Huns back across the Marne and Somme.
Then left the sacred precinct of the Dead
To join his troops—impatient to be led.
The "Mushroom Troops," so named by Hunnish fools,
Met their Toadstools, the Kaiser's pliant tools,
Near Chateau Thierry they hurled Von Bulow,
Across the Marne, so struck the fatal blow.
Then drove the Kaiser's brutal Huns pell-mell
And wiped out the salient of St. Mihiel.
Now headed, panic stricken, for the Rhine
For peace the low down Baby-Killers whine.
But firmly Wilson gave the answer "No"
First—Kaiser and his hellish gang must go.
No patches made in crime-stained Germany
Shall bandage Peace, she stabbed so brutally.
No Armistice they'll grant to you O Boche
Before you knuckle down to Marshal Foch,
Give him your Forts, Ships, Guns, as tender
For your "Unconditional Surrender."

Gus L. Goethals, Clayton, October 18, 1918.

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